Pal. Looke to thine owne well *Arcite.*

Fight againe. Horns.

Enter Theſeus, Hipolita, Emilia, Perithous and traine.

Theſeus. What ignorant and mad malicious Traitors,
Are you? That gainſt the tenor of my Lawes
Are making Battaile, thus like Knights appointed,
Without my leave, and Officers of Armes?
By *Caſtor* both ſhall dye.

Pal. Hold thy word *Theſeus*,
We are certainly both Traitors, both deſpiſers
Of thee, and of thy goodneſſe: I am *Palamon*
That cannot love thee, he that broke thy Priſon,
Thinke well, what that deſerves; and this is *Arcite*
A bolder Traytor never trod thy ground
A Falſer neu'r ſeem'd friend: This is the man
Was begd and baniſh'd, this is he contemnes thee
And what thou dar'ſt doe; and in this diſguiſe
Againſt this owne Edict followes thy Siſter,
That fortunate bright Star, the faire *Emilia*
Whoſe ſervant, (if there be a right in ſeeing,
And firſt bequeathing of the ſoule to) juſtly
I am, and which is more, dares thinke her his.
This treacherie like a moſt truſty Lover,
I call'd him now to anſwer; if thou bee'ſt
As thou art ſpoken, great and vertuous,
The true deſcider of all injuries,
Say, Fight againe, and thou ſhalt ſee me *Theſeus*
Doe ſuch a Iuſtice, thou thy ſelfe wilt envie,
Then take my life, Ile wooe thee too't.

Per. O heaven,
What more then man is this!

Theſ. I have ſworne.

Arc. We ſeeke not
Thy breath of mercy *Theſeus*, Tis to me
A thing as ſoone to dye, as thee to ſay it,
And no more mov'd: where this man calls me Traitor,
Let me ſay thus much; if in love be Treaſon,
In ſervice of ſo excellent a Beutie,

As

As I love moſt, and in that faith will p
As I have brought my life here to co
As I have ſerv'd her trueſt, worthieſt,
As I dare kill this Coſen, that denies i
So let me be moſt Traitor, and ye pleaſ
For ſcorning thy Edict Duke, aske tha
Why ſhe is faire, and why her eyes c
Stay here to love her; and if ſhe ſay T
I am a villaine fit to lye unburied.

Pal. Thou ſhalt have pitty of us b
If unto neither thou ſhew mercy, ſto
(As thou art juſt) thy noble eare aga
As thou art valiant; for thy Coſens ſ
Whoſe 12. ſtrong labours crowne hi
Lets die together, at one inſtant Duke
Onely a little let him fall before me,
That I may tell my Soule he ſhall not

Theſ. I grant your wiſh, for to ſay t
Has ten times more offended, for I ga
More mercy then you found, Sir, you
Being no more then his: None here
For ere the Sun ſet, both ſhall ſleepe

Hipol. Alas the pitty, now or neve
Speake not to be denide; That face
Will beare the curſes elſe of after ag
For theſe loſt Coſens.

Emil. In my face deare Siſter
I finde no anger to'em; nor no ruyn,
The miſadventure of their owne eyes
Yet that I will be woman, and have p
My knees ſhall grow to'th ground b
Helpe me deare Siſter, in a deede ſo
The powers of all women will be w
Moſt royall Brother.

Hipol. Sir by our tye of Marriage

Emil. By your owne ſpotleſſe ho

Hip. By that faith,
That faire hand, and that honeſt hea

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